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NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1884.

NASHBY.

The Rejoicing at the Corners on the Receipt of the News of Cleveland's Election—Joe Bigler Rejoices Also and gives his Reason—Therefore.

Confederate X Roads,
(Which is in the State of Kentucky.)
Nov. 6, 1884.

Never since the first battle of Bull Run, when it was represented that the Federal Army had been entirely destroyed and that the Confederates were in possession of Washington, was there such a feeling of jubilation in the corners, as Wednesday night when we received the glad intelligence that our noble standard-bearer, ex-sheriff Cleveland, had been elected.

The noose came over from the stables at Seeshunville, by Bascom's oldest boy Jefferson Davis on his mule, which he had contributed for the occasion. Jefferson was seen riding down the hill at a furious pace, holding on to the animal's tail with one hand while he was belaboring him with a hickory club in the other. We know that he had good noose or he wouldn't be so reckless on mule, and the excitement was intense. He was half way down the hill when the mule stopped suddenly, pitching Jefferson over his head. The noble boy didn't mind it. Regaining his feet he thought a moment as to whether he should remount the mule or do the rest on foot. Striking into a run he rushed into his father's bar, with the paper which contained the glad intelligence, and exclaimed "A—n that mule," sunk faintly to the floor. His mother revived him by giving him a grown persons dose of whiskey, and I seized the paper and read the glad intelligence to the delirious populace.

The effect was electric. The overjoyed dimocracy howled. Issaker Gavitt tooted the horn which we use, owing to the fact that the money for a bell which was sent us by the No England Church Extension society, happened to come to me, as the pastor, and Bascom knowing of it made me apply a half of it to the likewidation of a bill at his bar, and the other half I lost that night at a game of seven up with Dekin Pogeam. However the horn does very well, as it is one of grate power and remarkably soft in tone. We proceeded to want to get out the relic of the late oneness to decorate the church with. The rifle which Deekin Pogeam yessed in bushwhacking Federal pikets was festooned and put in its old place. Miranda Pogeam came rushing up with the skulls of the Federal prisoners which her brother which was guard at Andersonville, had shot, and cleaned and preserved for her ex mementous of his yaler, and the old war flags of the regiments which went into the Confederate service from the vicinity were all dusted and hung out.

We would have had speeches, but Bascom, which is a ass, was so full of joy that he spilled the hull thing by remarking in that his wife and son Jefferson Davis was putting a fresh barrel on tap, and that the corners were welcome.

Good the citizens endow stay in the meast house under these circumstances? No indeed! There was a wild rush for his place, and the barrel was set running, and the nite wuz given over to such rejoicing as seldom falls to the lot of man.

About 8 o'clock in the evening, I was pulled out by my chair and stood up on a whiskey barrel, for a speech. I had scarcely commenced when I was roddily pulled down. It was that feend, Joe Bigler, who remark that he felt very much like making a speech himself, and when in the way discharging himself he didn't want no interruptions.

"My friends," he commenced "I am with you to-night to rejoice with you over the glorious results of the election."

"You rejoice with us!" exclaimed the surprised meeting. "Why you are a black Republican!"

"Tros," he replied, "troo troo, but still I rejoice. I confess that hevin a family I hadn't the nerve to vote for Cleveland, but nevertheless I rejoice that he is elected."

"Give us your reason!" shouted the excited multitude.

"They a reason and it is a good one. I kin git along under any sort of a government; but gentlemen I hev children. I hev been miffily concerned as to what will become of them when I am gone, and consequently I want to see how much of a strange government can bare and survive. The reason why I am glad that Cleveland is elected is that if this government kin stand four years of such a man, and then which will be behind him, it will endow for ever, for certainly we kin never possibly git anything worse. If the government kin endow under the Presidency of a man of a man which measures sixteen inches across the base of the head, and that head surmounted with a six and a fourth hat, a man who buttons his collar before he puts it on, and then to save time slips it over his head, why then we may die confident that the government kin never be destroyed. If the people want a man which hez every vice that cusses homanity, and not only hez em, but is rather proud of em than otherwise, a man which

good write that letter to Mrs. Beecher and be rather proud of it, then ain't no danger of there ever bein' anything but a republic on this continent. If it stands that strain it will stand anything.

"I rejoice becoz it is the carryin out, in one sense, of our system. It is our proud boast that any one may aspire to the Presidency. The election Tuesday shows that that is no vane boast. Anybody, I say anybody, after this may aspire to the Presidency, of such a man as Cleveland kin git there. A grate many men hev bin sent to the Penitentiary too soon. There will be a walla and weepin and nashin of teeth in them places, when a grate many men hear of this, and think that good they hev dodged a conyickshun they mite now be where Cleveland is now.

"I rejoice over the election of Cleveland becoz it wuz to be expected that sometime in the history of the Republic such a man should, by some inscrutable decree of Divine Providence, be elevated to the presidency, and I had rather the calamity wud happen while I am alive to endow it, than to hev it fall upon my innocent children. I kin stand it for I hev knowed grief. I hev seen such men as Pierce and Bookannon President, and I know what to expect. But with my innocent children it is different, and I want this calamity to come while I am alive and can sorter o' comfort and shield em. Gentlemea, I am sick, but this fearful disgrace had to come some time, I am glad it hez come now.

Then Josef stawked out of the room and we resumed our rejoicing. Bascom's one barl didn't last long. Inasmuch as it wuz a certain thing that the Federal offices wud soon be ours, he thought it safe to extend credit to such ex wood naterally fill the them places, and we ordered them recklessly. I ain't shoor how much I'm in, nor is Bascom, for he hadn't time the next morning to figger up the books, but I think I must hev ordered at least \$60 worth myself. The credit system is dangerous for it is so easy to order when you don't hev to pull the money out of yer pokket and pay.

I don't keer, however the postoffice is mine and when I am drovin my salary I kin pay him off by installment.

The festivities wuz kep up till day-lite and the heft of the corners sleep on his floor, wut little sleep they got. It wuz a glorious celebration of a glorious event. Half the toasts that wuz drank wuz to the Prohibitionists of Noo York wuz the zeal for St. John enshored the election of Cleveland, and struck a death-blow at the Temperance fanaticism which seriously threatened us even in Kentucky. Out of the five barrels of whiskey consumed, three of em wuz to our Prohibition friends. The Prohibitionists and the rum mills of Noo York did the biznis.

My heart is overflowin. It is the first gleam of sunshine I hev seen for twenty years. Hallelujah!

PETROLEUM V. NASHBY, (Full)

SLEEP AND HER COUSIN DEATH.

The Relationship Between the two Conditions of Unconsciousness.
From the British Medical Journal.

The relationship between sleep, "the cousin of death," and death itself, is probably real as well as apparent. The distance which separates them is great, but there are immediate connections, grades of dissolution as of development. Among these the similar states of trance and hibernation are worthy of special notice, for sleep and for trance one cause the exhaustion chiefly of the nervous matter, but more or less of every organ and tissue is assignable. The hysterical stupor is the sleep of nerve centers worn out with the assault and conflict of stormy reflex action. Healthy sleep is the rest of physical elements wearied with the same strain applied more gradually.

Cases have been recorded in which somnolence, continuing for days without cessation, has resembled trance in its duration, while preserving all its ordinary features of natural sleep. Various facts support us in associating the hibernation of animals with the same train of organic or functional changes as the other unconscious states which we have been considering: it comes like a habit, it has, one may say, annual return: its apparent cause is the oppression of external cold, and the animals it affects are mostly those which, from their bodily structure or habits, are subject to great periodic variations of temperature. Vital tissue is exhausted and function is in part suspended, probably because the numbness of cold has taken hold upon the radicals of the outer circulation, and of that of the brain surface which is connected with it by numerous anastomoses. In such a case anaemia would seem to be the cause of the winter sleep, as there is evidence to show that it is also the cause of that temporary starvation of brain which lulls without arresting its action, in the natural repose of each night.

We may even regard the lethargy, ended by death, into which man falls when exposed to great cold, as a short and mortal hibernation. The same influence acts upon him as upon the bear or fish, but the power of the shock is greater on his finer and less accustomed senses than on their comparatively coarse organization. So likewise in other regions and forms of life, in the

weariness, paralysis, atrophy, and gangrene of limbs, in the leafless hibernation of trees, and in their decay, beginning in the terminal twigs, the same teaching is evident, that vascular nutrition, in its periodic variations, is the parent of activity and of rest, as its absence is of death. It is not, therefore, altogether surprising to meet with occasional instances in which death is simulated by some deep degree of stupor.

The case of George Childet, a laborer, living at Bridgewater, which was lately recorded in the daily papers, appears to have been one of this kind. The trance-like state developed quite suddenly, and was mistaken by the relatives for death. Some slight degree of warmth in the apparent corpse induced the clergyman in attendance to refuse burial in spite of the decided wish of the relatives that it should take place. After eight days the signs of animation were re-established, and the subject of this singular experience slowly recovered. In all such cases there is an element of mystery: and one cannot always decide how much of this is due to physiological or pathological conditions, or to some external agency. We are not informed of the antecedents in the present instance, and cannot say how much hard work, under feeding, anxiety, or other causes may have had to do with the result. The state described, if really one of trance, affords a striking example of the difficulties which sometimes though very rarely, arises in proving the final point in diagnosis, and a warning that the most trivial sign of vitality should not be overlooked in determining the fact of death.

Tons of Ballots.

Here are facts not usually appended to election returns. The history of past elections teaches that the vote of the Nation advances from President to President by steps measured in numbers by 10 per cent. The total vote of 1868 was 5,724,654; of 1872, was 6,465,805; of 1876, was 8,412,733; of 1880, was 9,210,970. Add 10 per cent to this last total and the estimate for the vote going into the ballot boxes to-day will be 10,132,067, an approximation borne out by other calculations and which will be found not far out of the result. A ballot is a piece of paper averaging four inches wide and 10½ long. One hundred and fifty ballots will weigh about a pound. Two hundred and fifty ballots laid on each other will measure about an inch. To prepare these bits of paper at a reasonable profit costs 50 cents a thousand. If the ballots cast to-day were placed end to end they would reach in a continuous line from Washington, D. C. to El Paso, in Texas, or they would stretch from Eastport Me. to New Orleans, as the crow flies. If one end of the long line of paper were made fast at Cape Flattery, the extreme northwestern promontory of Washington territory, the other end would pass Kansas City with miles enough to spare to reach Sedalia.

This has to do only with the ballots actually voted. The number of ballots printed, of course, is tremendously larger than the amount voted. In St. Louis, for instance, the Democrats have had 600,000, the other parties in all about 700,000, making for this one town a total of 1,300,000. It is generally admitted, however, that the vote of St. Louis will not, at the outside, make more than 50,000. Here, then, is a surplus of twenty-six ballots for each one cast. This makes the total of ballots offered to the people throughout America at this election 260,000,000. It would require eighty-five freight cars to move this load of paper, whose weight is 1,716,000 pounds. The white paper and printing of the mass has cost \$234,000. Pasted end to end there would be paper enough to go entirely around the globe, leaving 19,000 miles to spare for a gigantic double knot, which would cover the greater part of the two Americas.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

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Meetings of the Board of School Examiners of Cheboygan county, for the purpose of examining persons proposing to teach in the schools of the county will be held during the current year as follows.

Regular Examinations.
At Cheboygan, Oct. 31, 1884, and March 29, 1885.

Special Examinations.
At Indian River, September 26, 1884; Wolverine, April 26, 1885; Cheboygan, August 30, 1885. Examinations will commence promptly at 9 o'clock.

Dated August 26, 1884.
F. S. HILL, Secretary

W. H. SCOTT.

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